



Going Down



13 0 2

Chapter 1 by Jack B

The flight had been comfortable so far considering I had been sitting for six hours. I was flying over the pacific ocean from Alaska to Guam. Checking the radar I noticed something. A storm. Not just a normal one though. Anything but a normal one. It covered up the top half of the radar and it did not look welcoming. I looked up, only to see through the cockpit window, a line of dark gray clouds as long as the horizon, and as high as I could see. Lightning flicked in the distance. I looked over to my copilot Dan, who was sleeping. I bit my lip, wondering if I should wake him up or not. I decided not too. He let me sleep on other flights. I picked up the radio and called to the nearest airport, telling them my coordinates and about the storm. I asked them if I should turn around or fly above it. They said it would be too high too fly over and I wouldn't have enough fuel to turn around. I hung up and turned on the intercom. "This is your captain speaking. We are expecting some turbulence up ahead so the seat belt sign is now on." Only if I knew what was in line for me.

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